

# VERMONT TELEGRAPH.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."

BY ORSON S. MURRAY.

BRANDON, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1839.

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## TERMS.

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## VERMONT TELEGRAPH.

BRANDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1839.

### For the Vermont Telegraph.

#### CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Brother Murray:—On taking up a late No. of the N. Y. Baptist Register, my eye fell upon the following remarks of the Editor, on Capital Punishment:

"The committee of the Judiciary in the New-York Legislature, we are happy to learn, have reported against the abolition of capital punishment in case of murder, the visionary notions of the present day to the contrary notwithstanding. We received a sermon from a minister recently on this subject; and we thought he might have been about better business."

So it seems that brother Beebe treats the grave subject of taking the life of a fellow man, in the same way he does every subject that does not enlist in his favor the popular will. It appears to me that every one must concede that, for ten years, at least, the Editor of the Register has been the slave of popular opinion. This would be more tolerable if he would meet his opponents as a gentleman—not to say as a Christian—with scripture and sound argument. But to this mode of warfare he seems to be a perfect stranger. With cants, and opprobrious epithets, however, he has few superiors.

For proof of this, I refer, first, to the manner in which some eight years since he treated those who were prominent in Protracted Meetings. His most cogent arguments against these brethren were—"they are Arminians; new divinity men; and their sentiments would lead to the denial of total depravity; and even to Socinianism and infidelity." The friends of these meetings considered themselves slandered, and called on him either to retract, or to sustain his charges. But as to the first, he would not, and as to the second, he could not do it.—So he persisted in his course, till public opinion changed, and like the weathercock he of course changed with the wind.

Again,—that brother Beebe is the dupe of popular applause, is seen in the manner in which he treated the new Temperance Pledge. So long as the D. D. &c., in our cities and large towns opposed the new pledge, he opposed it. Whatever they said, he said. When they became friends of the new pledge, he became a friend of the new pledge.

The course the Editor of the Register pursues toward the Abolitionists, also favors my assertion. Against these he wields the same arguments which have wrought such wonders in destroying confidence in Protracted Meetings and the new Temperance Pledge. These arguments, are the use of such epithets as, "visionaries, misguided men, fanatics, ultraists," &c. Is it not passing strange that the friends of Immediate Emancipation dare for a moment encounter an enemy furnished with such tremendous artillery? No wonder Abolitionism has so rapidly died away! Such arguments are enough to overpower Hercules himself!

The success which has attended the Editor in going all lengths to sustain public opinion, emboldens him, it seems, to turn his attention to the few "visionaries" who are in favor of the command, "THOU SHALT NOT KILL." The artillery by which he has laid in ruins so many countries, and demolished the walls of so many cities, he confidently believes will enable him to overcome those deluded visionaries with a blow.—Under these circumstances, what can we do? If he would but appeal to the Bible, history, reason, or the common feelings of humanity, I should almost be willing to enter the arena, single-handed and alone.—But as he has made his appeal to the Hon. Committee of the N. Y. Legislature, in connection with the epithet, "visionary," have we not all reason to tremble? One thing is certain, should our number in this cause "die away," as rapidly as the friends of the New Pledge and of Abolition, the warfare must undoubtedly soon close!

Again,—that brother Beebe is the dupe of popular applause is obvious from the fact that he so frequently puffs our popular men. Now no Editor with whom I am acquainted, says so much against puffing and sounding one's own praise, as does this same Editor; and yet no one, in my opinion, is more guilty of this very sin himself. A few years since, Elder Bennett, one of the agents of the Foreign Missionary Society preached in Hamilton village, a sermon in which he advocated the propriety of sending some of our most

prominent brethren to the Western valley; although the prudence of Elder Bennett would not permit him to name these brethren. The Editor of the Register in his next paper comes out with the full names of C. D., and W., and numerous others.—These, he said, were the men for the valley. Again,—read the account he has given of the late commencement at Hamilton—especially what he says of the performance of brethren T. of Rochester, and D. late of New-York, and the graduates of last year. If such remarks are not puffing, I am an utter stranger to what it is. Again, read his editorial remarks during his late visit to the cities of Albany and N. York, and mark what he says of brethren W. C., and H. It is true he has alternately a line of puffing and exhortation to humility; but if the puffing scale should not preponderate, I presume none will have cause to blame brother Beebe.

#### A VISIONARY.

#### Slavery as it is—Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses.

Under this title, it will be recollected, a pamphlet was noticed, last week, and the introduction given. Below is the testimony of one of the witnesses. Others will be given from time to time.

#### Narrative and Testimony of Sarah M. Grimké.

[Miss Grimké was a daughter of the late Judge Grimké, of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, and sister of the late Hon. Thomas S. Grimké.]

As I left my native State on account of slavery, and deserted the home of my fathers to escape the sound of the lash and the shrieks of tortured victims, I would gladly bury in oblivion the recollection of those scenes with which I have been familiar; but this may not, cannot be; they come over my memory like gory spectres, and implore me with resistless power, in the name of a God of Mercy, in the name of a crucified Savior, in the name of humanity; for the sake of the slaveholder, as well as the slaves, to bear witness to the horrors of the southern prison house. I feel impelled by a sacred sense of duty, by my obligations to my country, by sympathy for the bleeding victims of tyranny and lust, to give my testimony respecting the system of American slavery,—to detail a few facts, most of which came under my personal observation. And here I may premise, that the actors in these tragedies were all men and women of the highest respectability, and of the first families in South Carolina, and with one exception citizens of Charleston; and that their cruelties did not in the slightest degree affect their standing in society.

A handsome mulatto woman, about 18 or 20 years of age, whose independent spirit could not brook the degradation of slavery, was in the habit of running away; for this offence she had been repeatedly sent by her master and mistress to be whipped by the keeper of the Charleston workhouse. This had been done with such inhuman severity, as to lacerate her back in the most shocking manner; a finger could not be laid between the cuts. But the love of liberty was too strong to be annihilated by torture; and, as a last resort, she was whipped at several different times, and kept a close prisoner. A heavy iron collar, with three long prongs projecting from it, was placed round her neck, and a strong and sound front tooth was extracted, to serve as a mark to describe her, in case of escape. Her sufferings at this time were agonizing; she could lie in no position but on her back, which was sore from scourging, as I can testify from personal inspection, and her only place of rest was the floor, on a blanket. These outrages were committed in a family where the mistress daily read the scriptures, and assembled her children for family worship. She was accounted, and was really, so far as almsgiving was concerned, a charitable woman, and tender-hearted to the poor; and yet this suffering slave, who was the seamstress of the family, was continually in her presence, sitting in her chamber to sew, or engaged in her own household work, with her lacerated and bleeding back, her mutilated mouth, and heavy iron collar, without, so far as appeared, exciting any feelings of compassion.

A highly intelligent slave who panted after freedom with ceaseless longings, made many attempts to get possession of himself. For every offence he was punished with extreme severity. At one time he was tied up by his hands to a tree, and whipped until his back was one gore of blood. To this terrible infliction he was subjected at intervals for several weeks, and kept heavily ironed while at his work. His master one day accused him of a fault, in the usual terms dictated by passion and arbitrary power; the man protested his innocence, but was not credited. He again repelled the charge with honest indignation. His master's temper rose almost to frenzy; and seizing a fork, he made a deadly plunge at the breast of the slave. The man being far superior in strength, caught his arm, and dashed the weapon on the floor. His master grasped at his throat, but the slave disengaged himself and rushed from the apartment. Having made his escape he fled to the woods; and after wandering about for many months, living on roots and berries, and enduring every hardship, he was arrested and committed to jail. Here

he lay for a considerable time, allowed scarcely food enough to sustain life, whipped in the most shocking manner, and confined in a cell so loathsome, that when his master visited him, he said the stench was enough to knock a man down. The filth had never been removed from the apartment since the poor creature had been immured in it. Although a black man, such had been the effect of starvation and suffering, that his master declared he hardly recognized him—his complexion was so yellow, and his hair, naturally thick and black, had become red and scanty; an infallible sign of long continued living on bad and insufficient food. Stripes, imprisonment, and the gnawings of hunger, had broken his lofty spirit for a season; and, to use his master's own exulting expression, he was 'as humble as a dog.' After a time he made another attempt to escape, and was absent so long, that a reward was offered for him, dead or alive. He eluded every attempt to take him, and his master, despairing of ever getting him again, offered to pardon him if he would return home. It is always understood that such intelligence will reach the runaway; and accordingly, at the entreaties of his wife and mother, the fugitive once more consented to return to his bitter bondage. I believe this was the last effort to obtain his liberty. His heart became touched with the power of the gospel; and the spirit which no infliction could subdue, bowed at the cross of Jesus, and with the language on his lips—"the cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" submitted to the yoke of the oppressor, and wore his chains in uncomplaining patience till death released him. The master who perpetrated these wrongs upon his slave, was one of the most influential and honored citizens of South Carolina, and to his equals was bland and courteous, and benevolent even to a proverb.

A slave who had been separated from his wife, because it best suited the convenience of his owner, ran away. He was taken up on the plantation where his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, then lived. His only object in running away was to return to her—no other fault was attributed to him. For this offence he was confined in the stocks six weeks, in a miserable hovel not weather-tight. He received fifty lashes weekly during the time, was allowed food barely sufficient to sustain him, and when released from confinement, was not permitted to return to his wife. His master, altho' himself a husband and a father, was unmoved by the touching appeals of the slave, who entreated that he might only remain with his wife, promising to discharge his duties faithfully; his master continued inexorable, and he was torn from his wife and family. The owner of this slave was a professing Christian, in full membership with the church, and this circumstance occurred when he was confined to his chamber during his last illness.

A punishment dreaded more by the slaves than whipping, unless it is unusually severe, is one which was invented by a female acquaintance of mine in Charleston.—I heard her say so with much satisfaction. It is standing on one foot and holding the other in the hand. Afterwards it was improved upon, and a strap was contrived to fasten around the ankle, and pass around the neck; so that the least weight of the foot resting on the strap would choke the person. The pain occasioned by this unnatural position was great; and when continued, as it sometimes was, for an hour or more, produced intense agony. I heard this woman say, that she had the ears of her waiting maid slit for some petty theft. This she told me in the presence of the girl, who was standing in the room. She often had the helpless victims of her cruelty severely whipped, not scrupling herself to wield the instrument of torture, and with her own hand inflict severe chastisement.—Her husband was less inhuman than his wife, but he was often goaded on by her to acts of great severity. In his last illness I was sent for, and watched beside his death couch. The girl on whom he had so often inflicted punishment, haunted his dying hours; and when at length the king of terrors approached, he shrieked in utter agony of spirit, "Oh, the blackness of darkness, the black imps, I can see them all around me—take them away!" and amid such exclamations he expired.—These persons were one of the first families in Charleston.

A friend of mine, in whose veracity I have entire confidence, told me that about two years ago, a woman in Charleston with whom I was well acquainted, had starved a female slave to death. She was confined to a solitary apartment, kept constantly tied and condemned to the slow and horrible death of starvation. This woman was notoriously cruel. To those who have read the narrative of James Williams I need only say, that the character of young Larrimore's wife is an exact description of this female tyrant, whose countenance was ever dressed in smiles when in the presence of strangers, but whose heart was as the nether millstone towards her slaves.

As I was travelling in the lower country in South Carolina, a number of years since, my attention was suddenly arrested by an exclamation of horror from the coachman, "look there, Miss Sarah, don't you see?"—I looked in the direction he pointed, and saw a human head stuck up on a high pole. On inquiry, I found

that a runaway slave, who was outlawed, had been shot there, his head severed from his body, and put upon the public highway, as a terror to deter slaves from running away.

On a plantation in North Carolina, where I was visiting, I happened one day in my rambles, to step into a negro cabin; my compassion was instantly called forth by the object which presented itself. A slave, whose head was white with age, was lying in one corner of the hovel; he had under his head a few filthy rags, but the boards were his only bed; it was the depth of winter, and the wind whistled through every part of the dilapidated building—he opened his languid eyes when I spoke, and in reply to my question, "What is the matter?" he said, "I am dying of a cancer in my side." As he removed the rags which covered the sore, I found that it extended half-round the body, and was shockingly neglected. I inquired if he had any nurse. "No, missy," was his answer, "but de people (the slaves) very kind to me, dey often steal time to run and see me and fetch me some ting to eat; if they did not, I might starve." The master and mistress of this man, who had been worn out in their service, were remarkable for their intelligence, and their hospitality knew no bounds towards those who were of their own grade in society: the master had for some time held the highest military office in North Carolina, and not long previous to the time of which I speak was the governor of the State.

On a plantation in South Carolina, I witnessed a similar case of suffering—an aged woman suffering under an incurable disease in the same miserably neglected situation. The owner of this slave was proverbially kind to her negroes; so much so, that the planters in the neighborhood said she spoiled them, and set a bad example which might produce discontent among the surrounding slaves; yet I have seen this woman tremble with rage, when her slaves displeased her, and heard her use language to them which could only be expected from an inmate of Bridewell; and have known her in a gust of passion send a favorite slave to the work-house to be whipped.

Another fact occurs to me. A young woman about eighteen stated some circumstances relative to her young master, which were thought derogatory to his character; whether true or false, I am unable to say; she was threatened with punishment, but persisted in affirming that she had only spoken the truth.—Finding her incorrigible, it was concluded to send her to the Charleston work-house and have her whipped; she pleaded in vain for a commutation of her sentence not so much because she dreaded the actual suffering, as because her delicate mind shrunk from the shocking exposure of her person to the eyes of brutal and licentious men; she declared to me that death would be preferable; but her entreaties were in vain, and as there was no means of escaping but by running away, she resorted to it as a desperate remedy, for her timid nature never could have braved the perils necessarily encountered by fugitive slaves, had not her mind been thrown into a state of despair. She was apprehended after a few weeks, by two slave-catchers, in a deserted house, and as it was late in the evening they concluded to spend the night there. What inhuman treatment she received from them has never been revealed. They tied her with cords to their bodies, and supposing they had secured their victim, soon fell into a deep sleep, probably rendered more profound by intoxication and fatigue; but the miserable captive slumbered not; by some means she disengaged herself from her bonds, and again fled through the lone wilderness. After a few days she was discovered in a wretched hut, which seemed to have been long uninhabited;—she was speechless; a raging fever consumed her vitals, and when a physician saw her, he said she was dying of a disease brought on by over fatigue; her mother was permitted to visit her, but ere she reached her, the damps of death stood upon her brow, and she had only the sad consolation of looking on the death-struck form and convulsive agonies of her child.

A beloved friend in South Carolina, the wife of a slaveholder, with whom I often mingled my tears, when helpless and hopeless we deplored together the horrors of slavery, related to me some years since the following circumstance.

On the plantation adjoining her husband's, there was a slave of pre-eminent band. His master was not a professor of religion, but the superior excellence of his disciple of Christ was not unmarked by him, and I believe he was so sensible of the good influence of his piety that he did not deprive him of the few religious privileges within his reach. A planter was one day dining with the owner of this slave, and in the course of conversation observed, that all professions of religion among the slaves were mere hypocrisy. The other asserted a contrary opinion, adding, I have a slave who I believe would rather die than deny the Savior.—This was ridiculed, and the master urged to prove the assertion. He accordingly sent for this man of God, and peremptorily ordered him to deny his belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. The slave pleaded to be excused, constantly affirming that he would rather die than deny the Redeemer, whose blood was shed for him. His master, after vainly trying to induce obedi-

ence by threats, had him terribly whipped. The fortitude of the sufferer was not to be shaken; he nobly rejected the offer of exemption from further chastisement at the expense of destroying his soul, and this blessed martyr died in consequence of this severe infliction. Oh, how bright a gem will this victim of irresponsible power be, in that crown which sparkles on the Redeemer's brow; and that many such will cluster there I have not the shadow of a doubt.

SARAH M. GRIMKÉ.  
Fort Lee, Bergen Co. N. J. 3d month, 26th.

## Religious Intelligence.

### From the New-Haven Herald.

#### TOO MUCH PREACHING.

The caption of this article may startle some people; but it is best for the truth to be known. After considerable observation and reflection, the firm conviction has been forced upon the mind of the writer, that both the churches and the ministers in this State are suffering from an excess of preaching. The ministers are suffering. Cases of throat and lung complaints among the clergymen, arising from too much public speaking, are constantly multiplying. It is a fact not generally known, yet strictly true, that no small part of those who begin to preach the gospel, are obliged after a time to give out, from absolute inability to endure the labor imposed upon them. The churches should know these things. Men who would be shocked with the thought of using a beast cruelly, make no scruple of requiring of a minister that which is most certainly shortening his life. The only way of putting an end to this ruinous state of things, is, tell the churches frankly, "You do not consider; you do not remember that your ministers are men, and like other men, are destroyed by excessive labor." As a general rule, a clergyman can not preach more than twice on the Sabbath, without undermining his health, and laying the foundation for an early death. Some may do it; some have done it; but most can not.—Wesley's charge to his conferences was the result of much practical wisdom:—"Don't let your preachers," said he, "speak more than twice on the Sabbath; for, if you do, you will certainly destroy them." Have not some of our congregations been unintentionally guilty of destroying their pastors?

The churches, also, are suffering from too much preaching. The character of their piety, notwithstanding the revivals which have blessed our land, it is much to be feared is declining from year to year. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? With three sermons on the Sabbath, they have little or no time for thought and serious meditation on what they have heard. To use a homely phrase, "what goes in at one ear goes out at the other." The notion is becoming more and more prevalent, that growth in grace is to be obtained by hearing, not by thinking and praying. Hence the increasing number of thoughtless Christians, of ignorant Christians, of inconsistent Christians.

The writer is happy to find that he is not alone in this opinion. A writer in the Quarterly Christian Spectator for February, 1838, whose preaching has been eminently successful, remarks as follows: "It is a fact that revivals, fifteen or twenty years ago, were signalized by a more awful sense of the character and presence of God, by more humbling views of the depravity of the heart, by more joyful hopes of salvation, by deeper solemnity in the converts, and by a much larger duration. It is equally true that our public meetings were then less frequent; there were not as many sermons; Christians were urged to closet duties, and felt that the kingdom of God cometh not with observation, but was within them. The anxious were told that God was to be found in solitude. The result was, that when there was a sermon preached, it was devoured with avidity, and treasured up with fidelity."

And so it should be now. A sermon should be thought of, and talked about, till it is firmly impressed upon the memory, and made part of the mind's furniture. How much might be done by every Christian father to cultivate habits of attention in his children, and to treasure up in their minds a store of correct sentiments, would he only make it a settled practice to interrogate them on the Sabbath evening, upon what they had heard during the day.—What an evident advantage, moreover, to himself to familiarize his mind with the important truths to which he had listened. But all this is impossible, where three services are held; for the greater part of the evening is employed in attending public worship, and the fatigue arising from such an over-abundance of preaching renders serious thought, in common cases, out of the question. The family instead of having a few important truths deeply fixed in their minds, retire to rest wearied

\*In this connection it will be proper to quote an extract from the letter of a medical gentleman, of considerable celebrity, upon the subject, which the writer has been permitted to see.

"Pres. Dwight, who had a powerful voice and a strong constitution, thought it unsafe for any man to preach three times a day. If a minister will make the whole service of the forenoon, and afternoon not to exceed an hour and a quarter each, he may venture upon a short evening service in a small room, and easy to speak in. I have, however, observed one thing, and that is, I do not remember to have known any person who has broken down his strength by severe labor in preaching, who has ever recovered it. It seems almost like suicide, only that it is the result of ignorance."

and confused, only to prepare, after another week, for a similar injudicious and comparatively profitless round.

#### Life like a Brook.

I wish I were like this little stream of water. It takes its rise nearly a mile off; yet it has done good even in that short course. It has passed by several cottages in its way, and afforded life and health to the inhabitants. It has watered their little gardens as its flows, and enriched the meadows near its banks. It has satisfied the thirsts of the flocks that are feeding aloft on the hills, and perhaps refreshed the shepherd's boy who sits watching his master's sheep hard by. It then quietly finishes its current in this secluded dell, and agreeably to the design of its Creator, quickly vanishes in the ocean.

May my course be like unto thine, thou little rivulet! Though short be my span of life, yet may I be useful to my fellow sinners, as I travel onwards! Let me be a dispenser of spiritual support and health to many! Like the stream, may I prove the poor man's friend by the way, and water the souls that thirst for the river of life whenever I meet them! And, if it please thee, O my God, let me, in my latter end, be like this brook. It calmly, though not quite silently, flows through this scene of peace and loveliness, just before it enters the sea. Let me thus gently close my days likewise; and may I not unseasonably tell to others of the goodness and mercy of my Savior, till I arrive at the vast ocean of uncertainty.—  
Legh Richmond.

#### COME AND WELCOME.

BY DR. JOHN M. MASON.

Let all classes of the unhappy repair to the Christian truth, and draw water with joy out of the wells of salvation! Assume your own characters, O ye children of men. Present your grievances, and accept the consolation which the gospel tenders.

Come now, ye tribes of pleasure, who have exhausted your strength in pursuing phantoms which retire at your approach! The voice of the Son of God in the gospel is, "Wherefore spend ye your money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not; hearken diligently unto me, and hear that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

Come, ye tribes of ambition, who burn for the applause of your fellow-worms.—The voice of the Son of God to you is, "The friendship of this world is enmity with God, but if any serve me, him will my Father honor."

Come ye avaricious, who pant after the dust of the earth on the head of the poor. The voice of the Son of God is, "Wisdom is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her—but what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Come, ye profane! The voice of the Son of God is, "Hearken unto me, ye stout-hearted, that are far from righteousness; behold, I bring near my righteousness."

Come, ye formal and self-sufficient, who say that ye are rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and know not that you are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. The voice of the Son of God is, "I counsel you to buy of me gold tried in the fire that ye may be rich! and white raiment that ye may be clothed; and that the shame of your nakedness do not appear; and anoint your eyes with eye-salve that ye may see."

Come, ye, convinced of sin, fear lest the fierce anger of the Lord fall upon you. The voice of the Son of God is, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out. I, even I, am he that blot out thy transgression for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."

Come, ye disconsolate, whose souls are sad, because the Comforter is away. The voice of the Son of God is, "The Lord hath sent me to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Come, ye tempted, who are borne down with the violence of the law in your members, and of assaults from the evil one. The voice of the Son of God is, "I will be merciful to your unrighteousness; and the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly."

Come, ye children of domestic war, upon whom the Lord has made a breach by taking away your counsellors and support. The voice of the Son of God is, "Leave thy fatherless children with me; I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me."

Come, ye from whom mysterious Providence has swept away the acquisitions of long and reputable industry.—The voice of the Son of God is, "My son, if thou wilt receive my words thou shalt have a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, and mayest take joyfully the spoiling of thy goods, knowing that thou hast in heaven a better and an enduring substance."

Come, ye poor, who without property to lose, are grappling with distress, and exposed to want. The Son of God, tho' the heir of all things, had not where to lay his head, and his voice to the poor is, "Be content with such things as ye have, for I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."